

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24, 1915

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PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

Noblesse Oblige.

IF I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
To you the braver deeds belong;
And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I, who giftless, sunless, stand
With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook
To turn the wheel,
Unto the larger stream we look;
The strength of steel
We do not ask from silken band;
Nor heart of oak in willow wand.
We do not ask the wren to go
Up to the heights that eagles know,
Nor yet expect the lark's clear note
From out the dove's dumb throat.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code
By love inspired,
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.

CHARLOTTA PERRY.

A Man's Life.

BY F. H. SWEET.

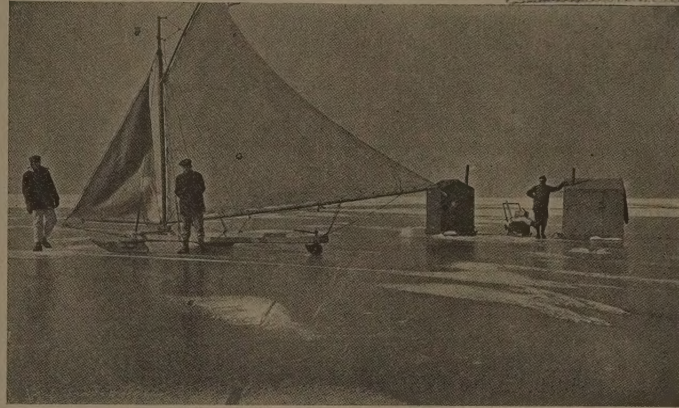
"I AM afraid, fellows."
The voice was calm, and the strong, upright figure standing by the ice yacht looked anything but fearful. But the voice had said, "I am afraid," and the figure stood motionless, while the other members pushed their yachts into position preparatory to hoisting sails and springing on board for the wild race down the river; and that was enough. Their club was noted for its intrepidity, and this fellow was a new member, and this his trial trip. Better any excuse than that of cowardice.

A surprised, contemptuous murmur, which scarcely formed itself into words, ran along the line; but above it rose the peremptory voice of the captain.

"Then move aside, Orson, and give the space to the rest of us. We haven't time to train children. And you would better send in your name to the secretary. It may save misunderstanding."

But the figure did not move, nor the voice lose any of its calmness.

"It is for you I am afraid, fellows, just as much as for myself. I am a new member, I know; and it might be less presumptuous to break my neck than to offer a suggestion. But I don't believe a man has a right to rate his life cheaply, and I believe he is responsible for what is going on around him as he is responsible for himself—that is, so far as he is able to control or influence it. I don't know much about ice yachting, of course; I've been too busy. But I do understand ice. My father's harvested a



"The ice is good, the wind just right, and we can beat a mile a minute, easy."

crop on this river for ten years, and I've helped him since I was thirteen. I tell you the ice is not safe."

"Oh, that's all right," impatiently. "We understand there's risk in the sport, and we are ready to take it. Our club don't furnish its members with rocking chairs and a foundation of masonry to place them upon. What did you join us for?"

Carl Orson flushed a little, but his voice did not change.

"I don't believe I'm a coward, if that's what you mean," he answered. "One can be afraid without being that. I'm ready to take any legitimate risk, but this is sheer recklessness. I thought we were going out on the old ice, or I wouldn't have come. We could push our yachts out and go down the other side of the river, or we could tack across the river and then turn. But the idea of crossing that twenty-four-hours-old ice, and the weather no colder than it has been! Just see how treacherous it looks!"

He threw his hand out toward the dark parallelogram that stretched fully a mile down the river and one-fourth of a mile across. Only the day before the ice harvesters had been there, and it had been cold enough for the water to freeze quickly and almost as smoothly as glass. It was so transparent that the water showed plainly beneath, and, contrasted with the inclosing ice, one could easily imagine the parallelogram not frozen at all. But several of the boys laughed derisively.

"I guess it's safe enough for us," the one nearest to him mocked. "And this time you needn't feel responsible for what's going on around, for you can't control it. As for danger—pshaw! See here, fellows!" and giving a quick run he slid boldly out upon the parallelogram, the ice apparently bearing him as strongly and firmly as the old eighteen-inch ice he had left.

"There, boys; that's for 'I'm Afraid,'" he cried scornfully, as he came back. "Now rush up your sails and get ready. We'll have a glorious run. The wind is just right,

and we can beat a mile a minute, easy. The idea of dragging our yacht across and beating down the other side with half a breeze, or of tacking round like schoolboys! It's absurd!"

"Remember the spring-holes," warned Orson, keeping his voice calm by a visible effort. "The river never freezes so quickly over them as elsewhere."

"Don't it?" retorted the other. "Well, we'll go down and see. When we reach there we'll be going like a streak, and even if the ice does crack a little we'll be half a mile away before it finds time to break. Why, I believe I could lift my boat across twenty feet of clear water at a mile-a-minute gait. We've all been on worse ice than that, boys. Now, Orson, my good fellow, you just push your boat aside so we can have more space. No doubt you are an expert in cutting ice, but you lack our experience in flying over it."

Orson bit his lip, but began to push his yacht aside as requested. He could do nothing less. But for one swift instant he felt an impulse to give a little run, spring on board his craft as it gained headway, then throw out his sail so that it would fill with wind and flash off to meet the unknown dangers of the parallelogram. That would gain their approval. But only for an instant, then his better judgment prevailed.

It was not easy, however, for him to do this thing they thought cowardice. All his life he had lived near the Hudson, and since he had been old enough had taken part in the ice harvest, first as a boy running about among the men, and later as a workman himself. And during the clear, cold days of early winter, before heavy snow fell to impede their progress, he had watched the beautiful ice yachts sweeping like huge white-winged birds across the smooth surface; and perhaps among all his boyish ambitions none had been so strong as the longing and determination to own one himself, and to sail it in competition with the fleet.

But until the past year, when increasing business had enabled his father to build a

substantial home upon the river-bank, and to give his children better advantages, this ambition had not materialized. He had sailed ice boats, of course, as most Hudson River boys have; but they had been cheap ones of the triangle pattern, with skate-model runners at each corner, of his own construction. Now he owned one of the Great Scott style, the crack model of the river; and he was a regularly installed member of the club he had admired from a distance, admitted partly because of his father, partly because of his growing reputation as a strong and skillful boatman and swimmer, but more perhaps on account of his owning a swift model ice yacht. And now at the very moment of success he was throwing it all away, even to being asked to send his name in to the secretary. No, it was not easy—not so easy as it would be to lead them on a wild, perilous race down the river.

He watched them as they brought their yachts into position and waited for the signal, their bodies slightly bent forward ready for the quick run and push which was to give their boats momentum before they leaped on board. And when the signal came, and they glided out upon the dark surface of the parallelogram, he, too, leaned forward and braced his right foot firmly upon the ice as though unconsciously he would follow their example.

But that was all. The motion was unpremeditated and involuntary. He was now wholly oblivious of himself or the fact that he was in position for instant and swift pursuit. His gaze was fixed upon the yachts as they rushed away, faster, and yet faster, their sails bellying out with the wind which filled them firm and taut. He was not apprehensive of danger until they reached the spring-holes, but the interval was to be counted by seconds rather than minutes. Like swift-winged birds they sped on, nearer and nearer, and his gaze grew tense and his lips parted in almost breathless suspense.

Then his muscles relaxed in a low indrawn breath of relief. The first yacht had flashed across the dark surface to the strong, lighter-colored ice beyond. But it was the yacht nearest shore, where the ice was thickest; the others had yet to meet the peril.

But a half-second more, and another yacht had flashed across into safety, and at almost the same instant a third and fourth. Carl's expression grew less tense. Perhaps he had been mistaken. He hoped so.

At that moment came a sharp, rending crack, heard even by him, almost a mile away. The fifth yacht, whose owner had jeered him, had gone through, and with the fearful momentum was tearing a long, ragged hole in the ice, many rods in length. As he looked she rolled over on her side and slid partly under the unbroken ice beyond.

But by that time he was on his own yacht, sweeping across the line of the parallelogram and on toward the black hole, not thinking of himself or that a plunge in the icy water would mean the possibility of never reaching shore, half a mile away, but rather of the time it would take for the other yachts to tack back to the rescue, and of his own greater knowledge of the spring-holes.

As he sped on he selected an extra piece of sailcloth from the box and loosened it so that he could open and spread it out rapidly; then he fastened a coil of strong, light cord about his waist. This done, he grasped the tiller firmly and waited.

It had all taken scarcely a minute, but already he was nearing the hole and going

at fearful speed. "It would be impossible to check his boat in that distance.

But he had no intention of checking it. As the yacht poised upon the very edge of the hole, he suddenly reversed his tiller, and then brought it again hard into the wind. This caused the front of the boat to rise into the air as though for a long leap. When it came down it was near the center of the hole.

As the boat rolled over and shot forward, Carl threw the piece of sailcloth to the edge of the ice beyond, and then sprang toward a white, frightened face he saw above the water.

"Here, take this!" he called, flinging out an end of the rope.

But the boy was too frightened or chilled to heed. Carl swam toward him with quick, powerful strokes, and, avoiding the hands which sought to grasp him, fastened the rope under the boy's arms. Then he turned to the edge of the ice, a dozen or more feet away.

Ordinarily he could have reached it in two or three strokes, but now he was chilled and his teeth already chattering. When finally he grasped the ice he had hardly the strength to lift and open the wet sailcloth. But as he had expected, it froze solid as soon as it was spread, and it made the ice strong enough to bear them. Lifting himself carefully, he drew up his companion and then edged forward cautiously to the firm ice, only a few yards away. When they reached it their clothing was frozen as stiff as boards.

By this time one of the other yachts had tacked and was coming back. As she drew near she was run off before the wind a little to slacken her speed, and then luffed sharply. This caused her to swerve in and stop directly beside the boys. Quick hands lifted them on board, and then the yachts were headed directly toward the club-house and given their maximum speed. Ten minutes later the boys were in bed and a messenger on his way for a doctor. But before he came the captain bent over Carl.

"Never mind about sending your name to the secretary," he said regretfully. "We are all liable to mistakes, and I beg your pardon for mine."

When Barbara Helped.

BY MARY E. JACKSON.

"I AM going across the way to see Grandma Sedgwick, Barbara," said Mrs. Osgood. "Will you take care of Janet while I am gone?"

"Yes, Mother," said Barbara, promptly, but two tears gathered slowly and rolled down her cheeks as Mrs. Osgood disappeared down the lane.

The day had started wrong somehow. Barbara's two brothers had gone fishing with their father, and the house seemed quiet without them. To amuse herself Barbara had planned a most beautiful play of knights and lords and ladies. Barbara herself was to be queen, of course, in fact she was already at work upon her pasteboard crown when Mother quite unwittingly upset her plans by leaving Janet in her charge. It was disappointing. Barbara looked very sober.

"What you doing, Barbie?" inquired little two-year-old Janet.

"Oh, nothing, Sister," said Barbara, laying aside her work, but a tear fell upon the pasteboard crown as she placed it upon the table out of the reach of Janet's destructive fingers.

"Why you cry, Barbie?" asked Janet, poking a loving little finger between Barbara's lids.

"Oh, never mind, Janet," said Barbara, bravely. "Come play ball with Sister."

"Don't want to," said Janet, promptly.

"Don't you want to play with Sister's doll?" coaxed Barbara.

"No, no, no!" Janet shook her wilful head. "I want that," and she pointed to the crown on the table.

Barbara hesitated. She loved Janet dearly, but crowns are not easy to make. She took Janet's hand and led her to the door.

"Come down on the shore, Janet," she coaxed. "We'll throw stones in the water."

But Janet cried and pointed again to the crown on the table.

At the sight of the tears on Janet's chubby cheeks Barbara yielded.

"I'll make you a crown of your own, Janet," she said. "You shall be the Princess Hildegarde."

Janet tried in vain to repeat the two long words while Barbara fitted a crown to the curly head. Then Barbara put on her own crown and threw about her shoulders an ermine robe which looked remarkably like her mother's apron. Then Barbara took Janet's hand.

"I am Queen Eloise," she said. "Come with me, Princess."

Janet did not know what it all meant, but she joined in the new play with glee.

The broad seat under the pine tree made the best kind of a throne. Queen Eloise seated the Princess Hildegarde beside her, and then busied herself making sand pies in clean little clam shells. She offered the pies to the Princess, who accepted them gravely, and destroyed them instantly.

"More pies!" she demanded, and the humble queen obeyed.

They were making a wonderful pie for the king himself when Mother appeared at the foot of the lane.

Princess Hildegarde promptly tumbled from the throne and had to be comforted in Mother's lap. But Mother had seen the two crowns, and the beautiful play under the tree. She drew Barbara to her side and kissed her forehead.

"My little helper!" she said.

And so the day that had begun wrong ended right after all.

Failure.

FAILURE is a rocky hill:
Climb it! Climb it with a will!

Failure is a broken bone:
Set it! Grin, and do not groan!

Failure is a tangled string:
Puzzle out the knotted thing!

Failure is a river swift:
Swim it! Swim, and do not drift!

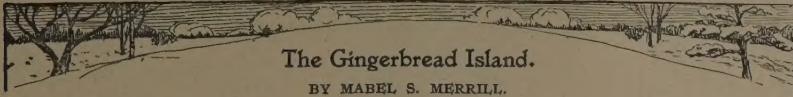
Failure is a black morass:
Cross it! There are tufts of grass!

Failure is a treacherous pit:
Scramble! Clamber out of it!

Failure is an inky night:
Sing! Expect the morning light!

Failure is an ugly coal:
Fuse it to a diamond soul!

AMOS R. WELLS,
in *Youth's Companion*.



The Gingerbread Island.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters. Chapter Third.

AUNT NETTIE met them at the store door. Her wide-open blue eyes had an excited look.

"Charles Seed is flat in bed with his rheumatism, and the governor's coming," she announced, waving her hands around the store, which look as such places usually do after a rush of custom.

"The governor!" repeated Lora, and then she began to laugh in spite of herself.

"It's nothing to laugh at," declared Aunt Nettie, a little stiffly, "and me with not a thing in the house to eat and a sick man to see to."

"Oh, dear, we're dreadfully sorry about Uncle Charlie," said Lora, hastily, "and we shall just love to help you, Aunt Nettie. Only we thought that the house was afire, or that Bick Waters had come."

"Bick Waters can eat baked beans," rejoined Aunt Nettie, "but the governor has never caught me before without a pair of roasted chickens. You see he goes up country hunting about this time every year,—only he doesn't hunt much,—just likes to be out in the woods for a rest. Well, he stops for dinner here, both going and coming. He went up four days ago, and I didn't expect him back till day after tomorrow, but a gang of woodsmen that come along down before light this morning said they passed him on the road, and that he'd be here by noon without fail."

They soon made out that the root of Aunt Nettie's trouble was the lack of a pair of chickens to roast.

"The nearest meat market is a mile down river," she said anxiously, "and it's a dreadful day to ask anybody to go, but not a team can I find that's headed that way."

"It'll be just fun for us fellows to go and get those chickens," Nat assured her. "Come on, Hal—no, hold on. We've got to fill the wood-box first, and can we borrow a sled or something, Aunt Nettie, to bring back what you want?"

Aunt Nettie's troubled face cleared as she made out the list of purchases to be made at the market. Lora was already tidying up the room and polishing the row of little tables against the wall, while Betty hunted up her fork and her gingham tier. There was a great deal to be done, but with plenty of help things soon began to look more hopeful. Aunt Nettie had to leave her doughnut-making to get the chickens ready for the oven when the boys came back, but Lora and Betty finished the frying triumphantly.

"I know how to make a cake, too, by one of my cooking-class recipes. Do let me try it," coaxed Lora. "You said you wanted all your wits for the pudding, Aunt Nettie, and of course we must have some cake to go with the ice-cream." For Nat had brought over Fred's freezer, together with cream, eggs, and milk.

"Fred told me to have all I wanted, and we must try and make an impression to-day. We don't have governors to associate with when we're at home," explained Nat, solemnly.

By eleven everything was in order. Lora's cake was beautiful to look at, the ice-cream had stiffened properly, and the

chickens were getting their last coating of brown in the oven under the watchful eye of Aunt Nettie. Uncle Charlie was better, too, and offered them all sorts of comical advice as he lay in bed with the door open.

But the noon hour came and passed, and still there was no sound of sleigh-bells on the white road up the river.

"Just as likely as not that pack of men didn't know what they were talking about," observed Aunt Nettie, wrathfully. "Or maybe he turned back on account of the storm, though it's stopped snowing these two hours, and he's neither sugar nor salt to pay attention to a flurry o' weather like that. I tell you what, you children trot over home and see to your livestock, and then you come back and have a real feast along with me and Charles Seed. Ice-cream and roast chicken is good eating, governor or no governor."

They trotted home at once, and as everything was all right in the house they went in a body to the barn to look after the hens and cows. The feeding up was nearly done when Betty, who had climbed on the grain chest to look down into the corner where they kept the caged fox, gave a great shriek, and began dancing wildly up and down on her perch.

"Oh, oh, he's gone! He's smashed a hole right through the chicken coop and got away."

They all rushed to look, and stood staring stupidly at the broken coop.

"I didn't think he could ever break out," muttered Nat. "Well, there goes our money and the fun in Quebec."

"Don't you suppose there's any hope of catching him?" demanded Hal. "We could see his tracks in this new snow. Say, let's go and ask Uncle Charlie what we'd better do about it."

They finished their work with all speed, and made for the gingerbread island on a run.

Aunt Nettie was nowhere to be seen when they opened the store door. She was attending to her patient in the bedroom, and the door was shut between. By the store stove sat a much draggled man drying his clothes, which were both wet and torn.

"What's up?" he asked as the four young people came tumbling in.

"The fox has got away!" gasped Betty, hopping up and down as she had done on top of the grain chest. "A black one, you know, and worth lots of money. Oh, won't you come and help catch him—because Uncle Charlie's sick."

"Of course I'll come," said the stranger, getting up in as much of a hurry as Betty. "This snow is just right to track him. Where did he start from?"

They explained it all to him as they led him off the river and up to the barn. He began looking about eagerly in the snow and presently he called out:

"Here's a fresh fox track, sure as you live. Goes off towards the pasture. Come on, and we'll see where he went, anyway. Then maybe Uncle Charlie can nab him for you when he gets on his feet again."

The new snow was not deep and the old snow had a hard crust over it, so they found

walking was easy enough. They stepped across the top of the pasture fence, which was almost buried out of sight, and followed the fox track up among the bushes and the pasture pines.

"Of course this track may not have been made by your fox," observed their new friend. "This is a regular highway for foxes. You see they can scoot right out of these bushes and strike for the deep woods on the other side of the river, raking in a hen or two on the way. It's a poor place to keep hens out on this peninsula, and so I've always said."

"There's the fox now!" Betty spoke with the calmness of one who is sobered by great happenings. She pointed her red mitten at a scattering thicket of low bushes in the midst of which a small black animal was trotting along in a scared fashion.

"We can't get him!" muttered Nat, despairingly. "What are we going to do?—stand right here and let him get away?"

"We'd better chase him up and see where he goes," began Hal, but the stranger pulled him back as he started towards the thicket.

"A fox can run a good deal faster than we can," he reminded the boy. "You all stay behind this hemlock, and let me crawl up on him a bit. If we scare him he'll be out of sight in a jiffy."

They stood breathless watching their friend as, on hands and knees in the snow, he crept away. The animal in the thicket had stopped to listen. They could see a black forefoot uplifted, and a knowing-looking nose pointing out of a mass of sweet fern.

"Seems to be remarkably tame," they heard the man say, and then as they looked, he sat up and whistled.

"Look at that, will you!" muttered Nat. "Fred said the foxes were pretty sociable, but I didn't suppose they'd come when you whistled at 'em!"

The little animal had turned and was edging towards them a few steps at a time. The man whistled again and said something—one word they could not quite make out.

Like a flash the little black creature darted out of the underbrush, and in an instant was tumbling all over the man on the ground, licking his face and hands and uttering short barks of joy.

"It's a dog!" said the four onlookers with one voice.

"It's Mustard Seed," said the man. "I named him that long ago on account of his size. Four days ago I found Aunt Nettie crying her eyes out because he was lost. He's a little chap, you see, and he must have followed a team over to the mainland and got so far off he couldn't find his way back. A dog that's lost is just like a person that's lost: he gets wild and bewildered and can't tell friends from foes. But you could tell my voice, couldn't you, Mustard?"

They almost forgot the fox as they started the shortest way for the gingerbread island, the man carrying the dog. As they came in sight of Cousin Fred's house Nat remembered that he hadn't hapsed the big barn door and went to see to it. The others tramped steadily on and walked in upon Aunt Nettie, who was inspecting her delayed dinner.

"Well, there!" she exclaimed. "I never did see such an acting family. Just as I get dinner good and ready you all up and disappear like a dream. Sit right down to the table, governor—"

(To be continued.)

THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
376 Sutter St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 60 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

Belgian Relief.

The Editor gives the space usually reserved for her message, both this week and next, to acknowledgments of the contributions of schools and Beacon Club members for Belgian relief. She thanks all who so promptly and generously responded to the appeal.


Continuing the list of last week, the donors are as follows:

Rev. Minot Savage, Cleveland, Ohio, \$5; Mrs. Minot Savage, \$5; Cleveland, Ohio, S. S., \$10; Woodland, Cal., \$1.10; Arlington, Mass., \$38.85; Elizabeth, N.J., \$5; Gertrude Clark Pierce, Winchendon, Mass., \$5; Dorchester, Mass. (Channing S. S.), \$3.30; Reading, Mass., \$18.50; Marshfield, Mass. (Grace Chapel S. S.), \$1; Adeline I. Sylvester, North Easton, Mass., \$1; Anna W. Johnson, Methuen, Mass., \$1; Dorchester, Mass. (Third Religious Society), \$8; Farmington, Me., \$8.85; Lebanon, N.H., \$13; Boston (Barnard Memorial), \$10; Dunkirk, N. Y., \$5; Gardner, Mass., \$10.05; Wollaston, Mass. (Mrs. Alma Faunce Smith's class), \$4; Franklin, N.H., \$37.21; Kansas City, Mo., \$10; Quincy, Mass., \$8; Pepperell, Mass., \$2; Youngstown, Ohio, \$7; Oakland, Cal., \$15; Barneveld, N. Y., \$7.25; Danvers, Mass., \$5; Rowe, Mass., \$5; Littleton, Mass., \$8.50; Springfield, Mass., \$10; Los Angeles, Cal., \$15; New York City (Church of the Messiah Sunday-school, \$35; Nantucket, Mass., \$5; Winthrop, Mass., \$10; Mrs. C. A. Batchelor, West Upton, Mass., \$5.

Total cash received to date, \$541.12.

Sunday School News.

ONE of our schools is so fortunate as to have three superintendents. The first, Mr. W. S. Titus, plans the course of study, confers with the teachers about their work, and is general adviser. The second, Dr. Albert Bowen, attends to the details of school management, encourages regular attendance and secures new members, and seeks to create a genuine interest in the Sunday school. The minister's wife, Mrs. Catherine Rumball, leads the service of worship in a helpful and impressive way. This specialization of work brings the varied abilities of three people to bear on the work of the school and enables each to do that part of the work for which he is best fitted. For absolutely perfect attendance and approved deportment, for a year, a book is given, which is at once presented by the one receiving it to the school library. Pupils absent only on account of illness receive honorable mention. All this occurs in the school of the First Unitarian Church, Rochester, N.Y.




THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THREE new members for our Club were secured by the two delightful letters from Canada. We shall look forward to the time when Douglas will be old enough to join the Club. Would some boy from the States like to write a letter to this family of Canadian lads?

OTTAWA, CAN.,
61 Lloyd Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old and as I am the oldest of our family, I am going to write and ask you if you will send my two brothers and I each a Beacon button. My brother Nelson is writing to you telling you about us, but Archie is too small to write as he is just five, but he wants a button. So if you will send *each one* I will thank you very much. We get *The Beacon*, and Daddy reads the stories to us and we all like them.

Now I will say good-bye.

ALBERT HYDE CLARKE.

OTTAWA, CAN.,
61 Lloyd Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eight years old. We belong to the "Church of our Father" where we go to Sunday school when Daddy is able to go with us, as it is too far for us to go alone and as Mamma has to stay home and mind Douglas, who is just a year and a half old. But when Daddy is home then Bertie, Archie, and I all go and like it very much.

Love from

NELSON HYDE CLARKE.

UNION CITY, PA.,
38 Concord Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I belong to the Presbyterian Sunday school. I like to read the stories in *The Beacon*. I am a member of the Camp-Fire Girls and the Mayflower Club. We receive a gold pin if we go to Sunday school for a year. We have a very nice teacher, her name is Miss Williams.

Sincerely,

FRANCES DUNMEYER.
(Age 12.)

EAST BOSTON,
75 Trenton Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, 85 Marion Street, East Boston. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am in Miss Burk's class. I am eleven years old. Mr. Rossbach is our Minister. I am learning the books in the Bible. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much.

Yours truly

NETTIE PERRY.

BENTLEY, MICH.

The Beacon Club,
Boston, Mass.

I am a little boy and live in the Northwest on a farm. I wish to be a good boy and become a Unitarian, and I keep the name in my mind a great lot. I might be a minister if it when I get big. I wish to join the Club and let my light shine.

Yours truly,

CHARLES EARLE.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXI.

I am composed of 47 letters.
My 45, 30, 47, 8, 38, 10, 18, 5, is musical.
My 1, 27, 44, 21, 7, 39, is a season.
My 19, 18, 6, 34, 37, 23, is a flower.
My 34, 9, 36, 3, 42, 11, 46, 47, is a color.
My 2, 26, 4, is an adverb.
My 40, 34, 12, is a tree.
My 17, 47, 33, 41, 15, is what we would all like to be.
My 5, 9, 14, 11, 32, is what children like.
My 31, 43, is a preposition.
My 22, 35, 28, 16, 5, 13, is to heed.
My 29, 20, 47, 24, 16, 42, 20, is what most stories contain.
My 7, 25, is a pronoun.
My *whole* is a Bible verse.

HESTER SALLEE.

ENIGMA XXXII.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 16, 1, 13, 12, is a military appeal.
My 19, 4, 9, 17, is a common household ornament.
My 14, 18, 19, 8, 14, is a body of water.
My 7, 20, 2, is a reply to a question.
My 2, 10, 11, 3, 15, is a mode of motion.
My 6, 11, 14, 5, is a holy employment.
My *whole* is a reply to Enigma XIX.

AN OTTAWA READER.

TRANSPOSITION.

With the same five letters make:

1. Stories.
2. To rob.
3. Not fresh.
4. Smallest.
5. Is used on some roofs.

The Myrtle.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

Did you ever describe people you know about in brief phrases having their own initials? Try it, first guessing the names of these few Americans:
1. Wrote Charming Ballads. 2. Walked To Sea.
3. Original Wit His. 4. Labors Botanically. 5. Dealt Light Mightily. 6. Heard Wondrous Legends.
7. Gave World Gateway. 8. Ever A Pessimist.
9. Just Wrote Humanly. 10. Wrote History Persistently. 11. Warmly Hit Slavery. 12. Taught Business Rules. 13. Tests Anything Electrical.

The Wellspring.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXVII.—The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding.

ENIGMA XXVIII.—Amerigo Vespucci.

WORD SQUARE.—BOYS

OVEN
YEZO
SNOW

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—NEAT

ACRE
SOON
HORN
VILE
IRIS
LASS
LANE
ERIE

CITIES OF EUROPE.—1. Hamburg. 2. Budapest. 3. Kiel. 4. Belgrade. 5. Oxford. 6. Moscow. 7. Madrid. 8. Lisbon. 9. Berne. 10. Cork. 11. Frankfurt. 12. Warsaw.